Ser. Why sir, a gentleman from the Vniuersity staies below to speake with you.

Huſ. From the Vniuersity? so, Vniuersity,
That long word runs through me. *Exit.*

Wife. Was euer Wife so wretchedly beset?
Had not this newes stept in betweene, the point
Had offered violence vnto my breſt.
That which some women call great misery,
Would shew but little here: would scarse be seene
Among my miseries: I may compare
For wretched fortunes, with all Wiues that are,
Nothing will please him, vntill all be nothing.
He calles it slauery to be preferd,
A place of credite, a base seruitude.
What shall become of me, and my poore children?
Two here, and one at nurse, my pretty beggers,
I see how ruine with a palsie hand
Begins to shake the ancient seat to dust:
The heauy weight of sorrow, drawes my lids
Ouer my dankish eyes: I can scarse see;
Thus greefe will last, it wakes and sleepes with me.

Enter the Husband with the Master of the Colledge.

Huſ. Please you draw neere sir, y'are exceeding welcome.

Mai. That's my doubt, I feare I come not to be welcome.

Huſ. Yes, howsoeuer.

Mai. Tis not my fashion sir, to dwell in long circumstance, but to be plaine and effectuall; therefore to the purpose.

The

The cause of my setting foorth, was pittious & lamentable; that hopefull young gentleman your brother, whose vertues we all loue deerely, through your default and vnnaturall negligence, lies in bond executed for your debt, a prisoner, all his studies amazed, his hope strook dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in these darke clouds of oppression.

Huſ. Hum, hum, hum.

Maiſt. Oh you haue kild the towardest hope of all our Vniuersity, wherefore without repentance and amends, expect pandorus and suddaine iudgments to fall grieuously vpon you; your brother, a man who profited in his diuine imployments, and might haue made ten thousand soules fit for heauen, now by your careleſſe courses cast in prison, which you must answere for, and assure your spirit it will come home at length. *Huſ.* Oh God, oh.

Ma. Wise men thinke ill of you, others speake ill of you, no man loues you, nay, euen those whom honesty condemnes, condemne you: and take this from the vertuous affection I beare your brother, neuer looke for prosperous houre, good thought, quiet sleepes, contented walkes, nor any thing that makes man perfect, til you redeeme him: What is your answer, how will you bestow him? vpon desperate misery, or better hopes? I suffer till I heare your answere.

Huſ. Sir, you haue much wrought with me, I feele you in my soule, you are your artes master.
I neuer had sence til now; your sillables haue cleft me
Both for your words and pains I thanke you: I cannot

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